SEVERAL

Weighty Quæries

Concerning

Heraclitus and the Obſervator,

IN A

DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

Timothy *the* Corn-Cutter *and Mr.* Scruple.

Timothy. MR. *Scruple*, Mr. *Scruple*, whither in ſuch haſt, what's that you have got under your Arm in that Green Bag there?

Mr. *Scruple.* Only a few *Queries*, or *Caſes of Conſcience*, that have ſtuck ſo in my Throat theſe three days, I could get nothing down for 'em; and I'le take my Oath, I believe I have tumbled over all Biſhop *Hall's* Caſes, Biſhop *Sanderſon*, Doctor *Hammond*, beſides abundance of Foreign Caſuiſts, and yet not one of 'em touches upon any one particular Caſe of mine.

Timothy. Why prethee, what are they? let's ſee 'um.

Mr. *Scruple.* Why Sir, *firſt*,

(1.) Whether *Heraclitus* be a Man or a Woman (as one notably ſuggeſted the other day) he rails ſo much like a *Billings-gate* ſcold.

(2.) Whether he be one individual *Animal*, or that ſeveral Clubb to the production of this Monſter, every one ſpitting his Venom till the Baggs full; as once upon a time, all the Gods met and Piſs't in an *Oxes Hide*, for the making that huge Fellow *Orion?*

Tim. Why, a'y they ſay, there's Lawyers, Divines, Brewers-Clerks, and the Devil an all concern'd in the ſpawning of that Pamphlet.

Mr. *Scruple. Ah Tim.* and thirdly:

(3.) Whether that do not evidently appear from the variety, and incoherency of the Stile, and the Frothineſs of it, is not an infallible ſign, that it is wrought off in a TiplingHouſe by theſe Tankard-bearers of *Helicon*; as they ſay, the reaſon of ſo many Monſters in *Africa*, proceeds from the drougth of the Country, and the flocking of Beaſts of different Kinds to one and the ſame Fountain, and their coupling promiſcuouſly?

(4.) Whether theſe *Virtuoſo's* Write for Bread or Wine?

Tim. Why, to my Knowledg, for all their Noiſe, the poor Rogues are forc't to keep more Faſt-days then the Church enjoyns.

Mr. *Scruple.*

(5.) Whether their Raillery and all that be not pick't out of *Poor Robin*, who got an Eſtate and left off, and their Politicks out of Mr. *Hobbs* of the Civil War, and theſe ſtitcht together with the Courſe Thread of *T. B's* Brain, and the buſineſs is done?

(6.) Whether he of *Heraclitus's* Gang t'other day deſerv'd to be Hang'd or Drown'd: who when the Secretary to the Cabal ſcrupled the putting in a con-

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founded Lye, cry'd, *Dam it, in with it, it will make the* Whiggs *ſtare, and ſerve to fill up, as the Woman ſaid, when ſhe Piſs't into the ſea.*

(7.) Whether it were ſuch Geeſe as theſe, that ſaved the Capital.

(8.) Whether *Coleman* and the *Jeſuites* wan't Fools to theſe two new Champions, who have ſet up Proteſtant Engliſh Colours in a *Popiſh Privateer*; and under the greateſt pretence of zeal for the Church of *England* have made us loſe the ſcent of the *Popiſh Plot*, and inſtead of that have moſt wonderfully found out another of their own makeing? *Heraclitus* and *Obſervator*.

(9.) Whether *Heraclitus*'s gang be *Atheiſts*, *Jews*, *Turks*, or *Infidels*?

(10.) Whether that Elegant Phraſe of *Greek-ſpeaking*, *Hickringil T. B.* and the Tayſe's Wife did not call an excellent Joak.

(11.) Wether this *Club*, may not one day, come to make a true lovers knot at *Tyburn*.

Tim. But pray proceed to the *Obſervator*.

Mr. *Scruple*,

(1.) Whether he had not like to have ſaid his Prayers under the Gallows.

(2.) Whether the *Obſervator* ought not to be kept from *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, as Mad-men, are from Knives and Sizzars?

(3.) Whether the *Obſervator* has not the Throat and Stomach of an *Oſtrich*; he can ſwallow and digiſt ſuch woundy hard lies, and whether any thing can ever Choack him but a Roap?

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, that's as pretty a *Quere*, as *Jack Ketch* put to one to'ther day, whether he might with a ſafe Conſcience let *Colledg* Blood this hot weather, or no?

Mr. *Scruple*,

(4) Whether the *Obſervator* be not a compendium of Law and Politicks.

Tim. Why I'le tell you what, I heard a fellow ſay, that he had rather hear the *Obſervator* read once, than *Baxter* Preach 16 times; and another of my acquaintance was ſo far tranſported with the ſpirit of *Teryſm*, that he ſaid, he never deſired any more than 3 Books in his Family; the *Bible*, *Whole Duty of Man*, and the *Obſervator*: Our *Church-Warden* never goes to Church without one in his Pocket, partly as an Antidote againſt *Whiggiſm*, but chiefly to read if the Miniſters ſhould chance to be Dull. Beſides, I've heard, that ſeveral Miniſters of State beyond Sea, have them always conveyed to 'em, by which, as by the *Weather-Glaſs*, they know whether it will be Foul or Fair Weather in *England*.

Why a'my Conſcience, they are of as much uſe to the Nation as the *Coco Nut* is to the *Indians*, or the *Palm-Tree* to the *Ægyptains*; of the Branches they make *Bedſteds*, of the Leaves, Fans: Here you have all Law Points diſcours'd, your ratling Metaphors, your *Ginger-Bread* ſimileis, your *Conciſe* and *Flored* Fetches, and Repertees, and as good *Engliſh* Divinity as is to be found in St. *Auſtins*, and for Flaſhy Wit, I'de turn *Towzer* looſe to any Whelp in Chriſtendom; why, as I live and breath, it makes a man fit for any company.

Mr. *Scruple*, But hold, good *Tim.* a word with you:

(5.) Whether theſe Vomitings of the *Obſervator*, which he is troubled with twice a Week, do not argue him in a deſperate condition?

(6.) Whether *Heraclitus* and the *Obſervator* that Work and Drudge in the *Popiſh Mines*, wont have leaſt of the Oar?

(7.) Whether if *Heraclitus* and the *Obſervator*, ſhould meet *Lucian* and *Hobs*, in the other World, they would not ſhake hands together?

(8.) Whether that ſtory be true, that the *Obſervator* is ſo intoxicated with his late preſent out of *Cambridge Shire*, that he is going to bind up all his ſheets in Super Royal Paper and preſent them; and that they are to ſtand next to Dr. *Heylins* Hiſtory of *Preſbytery*,

(9.) Whether *Sid. Col. Camb.* by ſending the *Obſervator* into the World, have yet fully aton'd for *Oliver Cromwel* who had his education there?

But honeſt *Tim.* I am in haſt, and ſo are you, Farewel.

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